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PUTTING THE GIRLS IN THEIR PLACES.

They are having strenuous times in England demobilizing their 1,000,000 or so female munition workers, and all because the girls who have been working for from $18 to $20 a week in the factories do not take kindly to the suggestion that they return to their old positions as domestic servants at $3 or $3.50 per week. They do not like the prospect even though their government reminds them that times are trying, and urges them to show the same noble spirit of sacrifice now that they did in war time.

It is very true that wherever the problem of demobilization looms large the labor situation is extremely difficult, and every one will have to do his share of sacrificing. But for any government or private individual to urge that any girl work as a domestic servant at a wage of $3 or $3.50 a week is all wrong. That is not a living wage in England or in any other civilized country, even if the maids do "get their board and room, too." The value represented by that same room and board in the average household does not equal by a good deal what the girl would earn in overtime in any factory if she were on duty as many hours as she is when employed in the household, and any girl would prefer any day a job with hours and wages permitting her to live and play among her own kind.

Conditions being just what they are, undoubtedly it is desirable for women everywhere to turn as far as is possible to those kinds of employment which will interfere the least with the employment of men. Housework belongs in this class, and offers a large field. Nevertheless it is shameful to ask the girl to take any job at starvation wages. She will not do it; or if forced into it by want she will become a dissatisfied, ugly, menacing member of society, bitter with a sense of wrong.

This is not the way to solve the problem. The way to serve it is by raising domestic service and other characteristically feminine occupations to a point where because of the fairness of the wages and hours they attain a dignity commensurate with the factory job.

Until this is done England and America both will suffer from a surplus of empty kitchens and a surplus of idle girls, and of men idle because the girls would not give up good jobs for bad.

NO ESCAPE.

The draft dodger who hid behind matrimony to escape war service is not going to be able to break his matrimonial ties easily now that he no longer needs their protection.

The courts will deal severely with all young people who attempt to escape from the contracts they entered into so lightly.

Probably many a young couple by now is learning in repentance and tears that any battle of the war was mild beside the battle for existence when complicated by ill-judged alliances. They will have to learn, just as all soldiers do, to discharge their duty faithfully whether it be congenial or not.

Certainly little sympathy will be felt by the public, and none should be shown by the courts, for the coward who hid behind a woman's skirts, or for the woman who permitted it.

WOMEN JURORS.

Now that New York women are enjoying the citizen's privilege of voting, they are eager to take on more of the obligations. The Brooklyn Women's Bar association is preparing a bill which it expects to present to the state legislature making women eligible for jury service, including service on the grand jury.

In a way the women may be said to put jury duty in the class of privileges rather than obligations, for their bill provides that such service on the part of women shall be voluntary, not mandatory. It is said that the bill has been indorsed by both the Brooklyn and Manhattan commissioner of jurors. Many prominent women's clubs, too, are pledged to back the measure.

There is undoubtedly opportunity for real service in this new branch of women's activity. Trials in which community welfare, the health and safety of women and children and similar matters are concerned may be concluded with a greater measure of humane justice if women are on the jury.

The old cry that women engaged in any public function, whether administering office, voting or anything else, would act upon unreasoning emotion rather than upon sound judgment governed by facts has been largely given up. Women have been voting and holding office in the western states for years, even serving as jurors occasionally, and on the whole they behave under those conditions much as the men do. In the eastern states as the women are slowly winning more of the privileges of citizenship they are found to follow party lines and public policies much as the men have done before them.

The women have, however, been able to bring a new angle of vision to bear on public problems. They are able to approach old difficulties from a new and rather specialized point of view. It is because of this that they are particularly needed in the work most nearly touching community health and welfare, the protection of women and children, the betterment of public school systems and many other lines of social progress.

MAUDE.

The American army mule has been mentioned in the British war records, and honorably mentioned, too. His staying powers, his courage, his phlegmatic performance of duty though stormed at with shot and shell, have all been commented upon.

There is an epidemic of awards for faithful service, as there should be, for this war has been characterized not by single conspicuous acts of bravery but by thousands of them. We honor our soldiers, our sailors, our officers, our privates, our civilians, our boy scouts, our airplanes, our guns, our horses—for heaven's sake, why not our mules? Why not give these sturdy defenders of their country's honor a decoration and a title worthy of the service they have performed? A leather medal, say, neatly stamped with a design of a lifted hind leg and hoof, and embellished with the motto "Nobody shall pass," might be appropriate.

The mule has been derided too long. He is considered the acme of stubbornness, yet he shares that quality with the bravest men in the world, for at what point does courage become stubborn determination? Ask the Belgians, the French, our own marines of Chateau Thierry.

The peace conference is to right many an ancient wrong. Perhaps it will rescue the noble mule from the stigma of that ignoble motto "Hee, Haw" which loads him with undeserved derision, and bring him into his own, where all the grateful nations shall point to him with pride, and cry, "He hauled!"

A GEM FOR JOFFRE.

While prospecting on his property at Valley Forge, Morris Barr found a sapphire, which he sent to Marshall Joffre. Joffre, when he received it, was greatly touched; he had hoped to visit Valley Forge when he was in this country, and was much disappointed not to be able to do so. He has promised to wear the gem when once more he dons civilian attire. In his letter of thanks to the sender he said:

> "This relic will recall to me the glorious past in which our countries have already known the bond of unforgettable friendship."

There is something spirit-like about this gem which lay hidden for so long and then came to light at this time as if it bore a message from our great hero of Valley Forge, and it seems most appropriate that it should be sent as a token of friendship to a French hero. Blue is said to typify constancy, and the little jewel may well be a symbol of the constancy of friendship between our country and France, and symbolic also of Washington's pleasure that we have kept the faith.

When the country goes dry will automobile tourists have to run their cars with steam, or can they get "it," at the druggists if they have a physician's prescription?

A good gauge of success—the one Munsey applied to Theodore Roosevelt: The question in determining a man's stature is not "Does he make mistakes?" but rather, "Does he make more successes than mistakes?"

"The job now is to make, find and fit jobs."

Other Editors Than Ours

GOV. ADMITS OPPONENTS STRENGTH.
(By Felix F. Bruner.)

Whatever doubt may have existed regarding the importance of the insurgent movement on the part of the republicans in the legislature has been dispelled by the utterances of Gov. Goodrich addressing a meeting of republican members of the assembly at which he demanded that they carry out platform pledges including the centralization pledges. This action on the part of the governor has created considerable stir.

In making this speech, which amounted to an address to a caucus, Gov. Goodrich overstepped all precedent, for heretofore the chief executive of the state has always addressed his requests to the legislature as a whole and not to a party caucus. But he did something more than overstep precedent. He disarmed himself. Heretofore he and his followers have camouflaged the real situation by attempting to make it appear insignificant. With his speech Gov. Goodrich admitted that the opposition to his proportions that he must do something to save himself and his ambitions.

Gov. Goodrich's attitude toward labor legislation is being closely watched. His attitude at the present time is somewhat problematic. In his message he urged legislation for the protection of women in industry. In this recommendation he suggested something concrete, but his other references to labor legislation are most indefinite.

The governor's message pointed to the mining laws of the state as antiquated and recommended "that mining laws be so amended as to afford better protection both to employer and employe," a statement which may mean much or nothing.

With the withdrawal of the Beardsley suffrage amendment and the substitution of a new amendment, the suffrage leaders surrendered completely to the wishes of Gov. Goodrich who could not put through his pet amendments as long as the suffrage amendment which had been passed by one session of the assembly was ending. The women gave as their reason for giving up so easily the fact that the constitutionality of the original Beardsley amendment had been questioned. The action will set the suffrage movement in the Hoosier state back two years.

THAT PESKY DAILY SHAVE.
(Indiana Daily Times.)

You have a beard as tough as ten-penny nails and as copious as grass in a moist meadow. Each individual whisker should, properly, be attacked separately and hasked to bits with a meat cleaver, but custom and the fact that you linger longer in the downy each morning than a hard shaver should, makes it necessary to hew the stubble with a safety.

You stumble into the bath room, make a jab at the hot water faucet and scald four fingers on your left hand. Between yelps you attempt to lather your face and inadvertently jab the shaving brush into your right eye. While reaming out the suds you attempt to shackle a razor blade in the shaving utensil and succeed in gashing your arm.

The whistles blow. You realize that you have nine and a half minutes in which to shave, dress, grab breakfast and the trolley and beat it to the four miles to work if you are to arrive there on time. These circumstances, you realize, call for jazzing 'em up and you take a whirling swoop at your face with the keen edge. Off comes an inch of hair above your ear, a section of cheek and a stray bit here and there of nose and eyebrow. Another whack and you're through. You sit down to work at last, thinking you made a fine job of it this morning but, upon looking into the mirror, you discover a huge hunk of hair near your left nostril and a plentiful sprinkling of luxuriant hair patches on your chin.

That noon, as usual, you visit a druggist and get sewed together, and then call on a regular barber where you get a regular shave.

But, as your wife says: "Think of the money you save by shaving yourself."

The Melting Pot

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US

Down toward the front of the Auditorium theater where he chose his seat, it was rather dark, making it difficult for him to plainly discern the features of the others around him. He sat down and began to watch the picture.

It was not his custom to stare at others, and he always studiously refrained from looking too intently at those of the opposite sex. The picture was one of those that demand one's fullest attention if the plot is to be discovered.

Therefore, he was somewhat disconcerted when the occupant of the seat next to him began to nudge against his right arm, and he could not help but feel that she was one of those vampires who make a specialty of vamping men sitting next to them in a moving picture show. Still, he was a gentleman, and did not want to appear rude, and he did not want to misjudge anyone.

However, when he felt a hand stealing toward his and rubbing almost imperceptibly against his own doubled fist, he instantly jerked the member away, but he disdained to look at the occupant of the next seat. Yet, he was still young, and the insidious thought ran through his mind that maybe it would not be so bad after all to be vamped. He had gone to the show for a little combined rest and diversion, and just as soon as the picture was over he would hurry home to his wife, who would be waiting for him. He had gotten through his work late and had not gone home to supper, getting a snack down town.

The hand to the right of him stole a little closer. The little finger of the other hand was drawing closer and closer. He was beginning to become more nervous with the approach of what appeared to be the inevitable. The hand to the right of him edged still a little closer, and it was now resting right up against his. Then it crept under his strong right hand and nestled there. What should he do? He couldn't help it as his hand closed tightly over the little one that had snuggled into his palm.

Then he turned and gave the occupant a searching look, and his heart gave a jump as he recognized the little wife whom he thought was waiting for him at home.

"I sort of surprised you, didn't I?" she asked.

"Let's go home," he answered.

C. J. C.

Lifes Flat Lees

By Catherine Hopson.

After breaking their engagement, they didn't see each other again for ten years, and then they met in accident in a confectioner's in their old home town one August afternoon. He had returned on a short business trip, and she happened to be visiting friends there at the time.

Eleanor Wayne was finishing a sundae when she glanced up and saw with a start that the man who had just entered the door was Frank Sanborn. He really had changed very little. Tall, straight, and slender still, with the old air of distinction and an indefinable something that spells success. True, the hair about his temples had thinned and flecked with gray, but the eyes were as keen as ever.

Coming in from the glare of August sun, the room seemed dark to him, and he didn't recognize Miss Wayne until she spoke to him.

"I suppose you know you are twice as beautiful as a woman that you were as a girl," he said, as they shook hands.

"It's merely the softening effects of years," she laughed. And he noted that the angularity of her early youth had changed to lithe rounded slenderness. Her masses of dark hair, which she used to seem not to know what to do with, was becomingly arranged coronet fashion, and the eyes, deeply blue, and expressive, were as he remembered them.

"You're looking remarkably well too. Rumors have often reached me of how brilliantly you've climbed the ladder of law. I congratulate you."

"Thanks, and I you. I know I have the honor of talking to one of the foremost interior decorators of the day. Where are you staying while in town?"

"At the Garry House. It's quiet and old-fashioned, but I like it. I'm invited out and teaed and dined by friends, but I won't stay with any of them. I'd rather be independent."

They sat and talked of old times, of their friends, and their work, until both were genuinely surprised when they saw how time had flown and they had to hurry to fill their respective appointments.

As Eleanor made her way to the club meeting she had promised to address, she thought of that evening ten years ago when they had mutually agreed to break their engagement. Both had felt then that they could reach the goal of their ambitions better singly than they could together. And in the matter of outward success they had succeeded, and the cup of success had been filled to the brim.

"But now we have reached the lees—which is loneliness," she reflected.

During the days that followed they met frequently. They were often invited to the same places. Friends, remembering the early attachments, took pains to throw them together.

One afternoon as Eleanor was sitting on the hotel veranda, Sanborn came by.

"I hoped I'd find you in," he remarked. "I wanted to see if I might call this evening?"

"I've an engagement to dine with Mrs. Gleason, she used to be Nannie Bard, you know; but maybe I can get away early. I'm good at excuses," she laughed.

"Make some then to Mrs. Gleason. I particularly want to see you tonight, Eleanor. I want to talk with you alone."

He did not explain what he wanted to say, but her woman's intuition whispered what it probably would be.

She dressed herself with unusual care that night and left the Gleason's dinner party early. Sanborn arrived at the time appointed, and they sat on the old-fashioned veranda with moonlight flittering through the fragrant honeysuckle vines. For some time they talked lightly of generalities, then after a slight silence, Sanborn leaned forward and said:

"I asked for a chance to see you alone, Eleanor, for I wanted to consult you about something of vital importance to me." He paused a moment as though lost in thought, then went on: "I've bought a place in the suburbs of Bristol—a peach of an old-fashioned place. It was originally true colonial, though its been somewhat spoiled by being modernized! And I want it restored. So I'm consulting you in your official capacity as interior decorator." Again he paused a moment, and there was a sudden boyish ardor in his voice as he added: "This means a lot to me because I've never had a home of my own—and I hope to have one now—a real one, as I plan to be married this fall."

She was glad of the merciful darkness that shadowed her face, and of the poise which the years had brought that enabled her to congratulate him charmingly. "I shall enjoy helping you with the house," she forced herself to add: "But hadn't we better consult with your—fiancee first—probably she will have ideas of her own she would like carried out—"

"Oh that will be all right. You go ahead and make the plans after you look the place over—and I'll submit them to her before we put them through."

Thus it worked out, and in the weeks that followed Eleanor superintended the restoring of the place that was to be Frank Sanborn's home. It was a creditable piece of work as the results were perfect but Eleanor felt the lees in her cup of success were bitter indeed. On the last day when she was giving final inspection of the place Sanborn dropped in. They went over the place together, and as they finished and stood in the spacious hall, he said:

"Well the house is ready—all it lacks now to be a real home is a mistress. How soon can you be ready, Eleanor?"

"I—why—what do you mean?" Her face went white.

"Who else could I mean but you to fill the place, silly child?" laughed he as he took her in his arms, "for I've loved you all my life."